

OUR BORDER LETTER

By S. M. Funderburk.

For the information of many of his relatives, and scores of people who knew him in his boyhood and young manhood days, I will now undertake by his consent, to give a short history of one Nathan Beaver, who is now living in the middle portion of Texas, at a town by the name of Jonesboro, in Coryell county, near where he first settled after coming to Texas, but has lived in several different sections of the state.

Mr. Beaver is now nearing his 82nd birthday and is remarkably stout and robust, and no one would judge him to be over 60 years of age. He enlisted in the war, and as a volunteer served until he was wounded at the battle of Manassas in Virginia, when he was relieved from service till he was able to go back into service again. He told me that he could have remained out the balance of the war, but his love for the cause for which so many not only fought but lost their lives and this for a cause they then thought was a righteous cause, but as he said to me that nothing has up to this time convinced him that he was not fighting for a just cause, but still believes that the fight for the Confederacy was our rights, and any one now living, who knew Nathan Beaver knows he was a brave soldier. He says he nor his immediate family had anything in the way of property or slaves to go into the conflict for, except they would have been conscripted later on. Says he did not wait longer than the first opportunity to volunteer, and at the close received his honorable discharge at Greensboro, N. C. He says he fought a good fight but lost. During the war he was in some of the hard fought battles and says it was miraculous how he escaped being killed. He now enjoys talking of the years he spent in the service of his country, and telling the harrowing tales of his experiences and of the hardships during the struggle. To show how much he loved the cause, it did not matter what subject he would be talking about, he would drift into the sad experiences of what he went through with in war days. The writer has never met a man who seems more interested in that memorable struggle than Mr. Beaver. In the year of 1863 he obtained a furlough, came home and married Miss Palmira Funderburk a daughter of Henry and Barbara Funderburk, and left the next morning and went back to his command. After the close of the conflict, returning to his home and wife, he remained there long enough to make his third crop, and then by wagon train, moved to west Mississippi, and lived near his brother-in-law, Sylvester Shute for two years, then by the same mode of travel, which was at that time by private transportation, such as ox and horse wagon, he moved on into Texas near where he now lives. There were born to him eight children, of whom there are now living two sons and one daughter. These children all live in west Texas and are doing well. On December 9th 1879 he lost his wife. Since losing his first wife, he has married four times, making five wives all told. By the second union were born six children and of that number three are living, two girls and one son. By the next marriage was born two children, a son and a daughter. As I have already said, all these children live in

Peanut, Father of 150 Children.

Charlotte Observer

It sounds almost like a fairy tale, this story of the lowly peanut, but it has been left to a Southern chemist, a negro chemist at that, to delve into its possibilities and produce just such an exhibit of the by-products of what we Southerners have for years regarded as circus fruit.

At the Four-County Fair recently held at Suffolk, Va., this wizard of his race showed where it is possible to produce from the peanut such articles as shoe blacking, sweet pickles, toilet soaps, fertilizer, vinegar, breakfast food, fuel, face cream and some 140 other varieties of useful articles.

Prof. G. W. Carver is chemist at the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, and his display of the peanut by-products was the largest ever shown anywhere, and needless to say, attracted wide attention and a variety of comment.

For 30 years Professor Carver has been engaged in the development of useful by-products from soy beans, velvet beans, old-fashioned cowpeas, tomatoes and sweet potatoes, and had on display 60 soy bean by-products and 116 developed from the sweet potato.

This old negro chemist is experimenting all the time. He declares the peanut, for culinary purposes, produced by its rich milk is practically unlimited for making fancy cheese, nut sage, chocolate fillers, cream bon bons and many fancy salads. Butter can be made from the peanut milk.

The life story of this old chemist reads like romance in his early struggles for an education. He made the best of his opportunities and won deserved success.

One Best Path

There are many paths, but only one best one. In that way God leads us. If we fail going in the right way, it is because of something in ourselves. Just so far as we are willing to obey God's law, so far as we put aside selfishness, so far as we have cherished the right character and right motives, so far as we sincerely seek to do right, we shall be led into the paths and the places which are best for us. If we fail, it is because we are led astray by our own wrong desires and motives, as the vessel is deflected from her course by currents of the ocean.—Belfast Witness.

Better an ass that carries us, than a horse that throws us.—J. G. Holland.

west Texas. His last wife was a widow, Mrs. Johnnie Davis, an estimable lady, who is educated, and could read for Mr. Beaver, who says he enjoys it more than any one could.—It is easily seen by one that she is very much interested in Mr. Beaver's comfort and happiness. Mr. and Mrs. Beaver have just been spending something like a week with the writer and tells me that this is the first visit of his long life, with any of his relatives, which was quite a compliment to us being able to entertain him on his first visit to his many kinsmen. He says that he has traveled extensively, and made many trips back to his old home, but the trips were to see his mother and was not considered by him as visits. He also tells me of his travels throughout the country, but always were on business.

Galveston, Tex., Sept. 14, 1922.

Continued next week.

DEMOCRATIC VICTORY

Special Correspondence.

Washington.—The great Democratic victory of Tuesday Nov. 7, accurately forecasted by Chairman Cordell Hull of the Democratic National Committee, marks the beginning of the return of the people to the Democratic party and the restoration of that party to complete power in 1924. It is more than a protest against Republican incompetency and failure. It is a repudiation of the major policies which the present reactionary Republican Congress and administration—the most reactionary in history—have advocated and foisted upon the people. It is a repudiation of tariff-robbing, of tax-shifting and tax-juggling, of Newberryism, Daughertyism and Laskerism, of reckless appropriation and extravagant expenditure, of the alliance between the reactionary leaders of the Republican party and special privilege and of the reenthronement of the spoils system in government departments.

In many of its features the election was a personal rebuke to President Harding himself. The Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, who is supposed to have won his nomination by reason of being an administration favorite, was defeated; Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, the President's fellow-vacationer and boon companion, was emphatically and decisively squelched; Newberry, who obtained a certificate of character from President Harding prior to the trial of the Newberry case by the senate, was repudiated wherever there were Democratic majorities; Lodge, the administration's spokesman in the Senate, has been humiliated to a degree which in some respects is worse than his defeat would have been, and a recount of the votes in Massachusetts may add to his humiliation. There were minor casualties in the presidential coterie.

President Harding had definitely committed himself to the Republican policies and candidates that were on trial. He spoke for them by the lips of his Cabinet officers. He gave every sign that he regarded the result as either approval or disapproval of the Republican administration's acts and omissions. The supreme court of the electorate has given its decision. Mr. Harding and the Republican Congress stand condemned for the future no less than for the past.

One thing lacking in Tuesday's election was the failure to give the Democrats a substantial majority in the House. A small Republican majority in the House, however, is equivalent to a Democratic victory. The balance of power will be held by progressives and radicals who are as much opposed to Republican reactionism as the Democrats. Republican reactionism has been checked but not destroyed. The work so auspiciously begun last Tuesday will be completed in 1924.

Description of a Train of Cars

He lived in a remote region in Scotland, but once on a time accompanied his father to a village near which a branch line ran. The morning after his arrival he saw a train go by. For a moment he stared at it with astonishment and then, running into the house said: "Fayther, fayther, coom oot! There's a smiddy [a blacksmith's shop] ran off wi' a row o' houses, an' it's awa' doon by the back o' the toon."

MORAL ISSUES

A Great Fact

A man may not accept Christianity as the basis of his life, but there is one thing he can not deny—that the religion of the cross is the only one that exhibits a passion for saving the lost. Other religions may have their fierce propaganda for gaining converts and making conquests, but Christianity stands alone in its mission to the sinful, the sorrowful, the despairing. Christ alone manifests tenderness and love for the weary and heavy laden. He alone says of the sinner, "when he was a great way off his father saw him and had compassion and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him."—Michigan Presbyterian.

The Lessons Taught By Trials

We never have more than we can bear. The present hour we are always able to endure. As our day, so is our strength. If the trials of many years were gathered into one, they would overwhelm us; therefore, in pity to our little strength, God sends first one, then another, then removes both, and lays on a third, heavier, perhaps, than either; but all is so widely measured to our strength that the bruised reed is never broken. We do not enough look at our trials in this continuous and successive view. Each one is sent to teach us something, and altogether they have a lesson which is beyond the power of any to teach alone. —E. Manning.

Do Not Live in the Past

It is never wise to live in the past. There are, indeed, some uses of our past which are helpful, and which bring blessing. We should remember our past lost condition to keep us humble and faithful. We should remember past failures and mistakes, that we may not repeat them. We should remember past mercies, that we may have confidence in new needs or trials in the future. We should remember past comforts, that there may be stars in our sky when night comes again. But while there are these true uses of memory, we should guard against living in the past. We should draw our life's inspiration, not from memory, but from hope; not from what is gone, but from what is yet to come.—J. R. Miller.

God's Unnoticed Gifts

God's best gifts are not even seen by those who do not make it the constant purpose of their life to receive them. It takes spiritual alertness to know anything of what is going on in the spiritual world of God's richest workings. Without such alertness and purpose in our lives, we shall no more be aware of the wealth of spiritual blessing and opportunity that God offers us all the time than a blind man going through the Grand Canyon would be of the glories about him. It has been said that "God never labels His choicest gifts;" they are offered so quietly that they are unnoticed save by the few whose lives are concentrated in an intensity of purpose to know Him and to do His will. But we may all let Christ create in us this keenness of vision to recognize our blessings, and give us the purpose and the power to lay hold on them.—Sunday School Times.

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.—Shakespeare.

Jury List

FIRST WEEK

Cheraw—J. F. McBride, W. H. Calder, D. W. Moore, R. K. Berry, J. F. Harper.
Court House—E. C. Rivers, W. J. Moore, B. F. Griggs, Geo. W. Eddins, J. D. Fincher, D. Vaughn.
Mt. Croghan—T. B. Smith, R. J. Mangum, J. W. Lowery, C. C. Burck, L. B. Sellers.
Old Store—C. L. Hicks, R. E. Richardson, B. F. Clark, R. M. Sanders, S. F. Ingram, B. R. Funderburk.
Jefferson—H. M. Sellers, B. R. Threalt, W. D. Watkins, W. C. Nicholson.
Aligator—E. C. Horton, Baxter Blackwell, R. M. Beasley.
Cole Hill—John Wealey Boan, A. J. Lewis, J. T. Deese.
Steer Pen—H. B. Roscoe, W. B. Brown.
Pee Dee—J. B. Chapman, M. A. Biles.

SECOND WEEK

Cheraw—W. Ed. Reid, Geo. Walters, W. E. Hunt, Jr., E. J. Waddel, G. E. Knight.
Court House—J. Oscar Parker, Ira C. Redfearn, M. A. Sellers, Ray J. White, Percy Rivers, D. A. White.
Mt. Croghan—Luther M. Sellers, J. W. Funderburk, C. E. Barker, J. T. Thurman.
Old Store—Guy L. Watts, L. E. Courtney, D. W. Mangum, M. L. Davis, Brown Agerton.
Jefferson—W. S. Jenkins, S. A. Cambell, J. F. Mungo, A. J. Kirkley.
Aligator—D. A. Morrison, H. R. McLeod, N. W. Seegars.
Cole Hill—I. B. Merriman, G. S. Creshaw, R. E. Sowell, Hoyt Sellers.
Steer Pen—R. C. Baker, J. Warren Johnson.
Pee Dee—A. W. Aycock, J. T. Chapman.

Over the Hills of Dudley

Guy Funderburk.

The greenest grass I ever knew,
The skies that seem the brightest blue
Are over the hills of Dudley.
The prettiest flowers that ever grew,
The softest winds that ever blew,
Sway over the hills of Dudley.
The loveliest birds that ever sing,
The welcomest bells that ever ring,
Sound over the hills of Dudley;
The dearest calls of Whip-o-wills
Come from forests among those hills,
Just over the hills of Dudley.
The brightest moon that shines at night,
The truest love—the world's delight,
Shines over the hills of Dudley.
The wisest thoughts that mortals know,
The clearest streams that ever flow,
Move over the hills of Dudley.
The noblest boys that ever were,
The truest girls found anywhere,
Live over the hills of Dudley.
The happiest people that ever live,
The sweetest life that earth can give,
Are over the hills of Dudley.

How He Judged Character

"So you want a situation?" said the business man.
"Yes, sir," replied the applicant.
"Hum—do you ever go fishing?"
"Occasionally."
"When were you fishing last?"
"Day before yesterday."
"Catch anything?"
"Not a thing."
"You can come to work next Monday, if you like. If you keep on telling the truth like that you may be a partner in the firm one of these days."

Artful Aliteration

Here is a specimen of dramatic criticism as she is written in Chicago: "The first scene of the second act shows a forest of phosphorescent fungi, full of fascinating phantasmagorical fireflies, fitfully flitting fast and furiously."

IT IS SAID

A man dishonored is worse than dead.—Cervantes.

Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead.—Benjamin Franklin.

Who lives for humanity must be content to lose himself.—O. B. Frothingham.

A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run.—Ouida.

Sabbath-days,—quiet islands on the tossing sea of life.—Samuel Willoughby Duffield.

A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.—Daniel Webster.

A man without self-restraint is like a barrel without hoops, and tumbles to pieces.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.—Bible.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.—Colton.

The body of all true religion consists, to be sure, in obedience to the will of the Sovereign of the world, in a confidence in his declarations, and in imitation of his perfections.—Burke.

The Saviour comes in the strength of righteousness. Righteousness is at the bottom of all things. Righteousness is thorough, it is the very spirit of unsparing truth.—Phillips Brooks.

There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking his guidance of it, or insult him by taking it into our own hands; and what is true of Deity is equally true of his revelation.—Ruskin.

Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together, that, at length, they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of life, which they are henceforth to rule.—Carlyle.

Romance, like a ghost, eludes touching. It is always where you were, not where you are. The interview or the conversation was prose at the time, but it is poetry in memory.—George William Curtis.

Words, money, all things else are comparatively easy to give, away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—Lowell.

Religion is not a method, it is a life, a higher and supernatural life, mystical in its root and practical in its fruits; a communion with God, a calm and deep enthusiasm, a love which radiates, a force which acts, a happiness which overflows.—Amiel.

We hear in these days a great deal respecting Rights,—the rights of private judgment, the rights of labor, the rights of property, and the rights of man. Rights are grand things, divine things in this world of God's; but the way in which we expound these rights, alas! seems to me to be the very incarnation of selfishness. I can see nothing very noble in a man who is forever going about calling for his own rights. Alas! alas! for the man who feels nothing more grand in this wondrous, divine world than his own rights.—Fredrick W. Robertson.